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Affection's Gift.



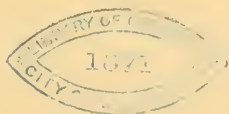
The Melancholic!

AFFECTION'S GIFT,

For the Loving and the Loved.

BY

JOHN COLE HAGEN.



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THE DEMON PICTURE GALLERY.



HAD a dream, a fearful
dream !

A fearful dream last
night !

A dream that I well may
fear to tell ;

Lest I should the timid affright.

I thought that I stood in a vaulted hall,
And saw what the stoutest heart would appall ;
But strength that I had not, was given to me,
To look on the things I was fated to see.
Deep in earth's bosom the cavern-hall lay,
Where sunbeam was never yet known to stray ;
The hall, though gloomy, was lofty and wide,
And the walls I noted on every side,

Were painted with many a strange device,
And pictures of misery, crime, and vice.

A group of demons there stood in the hall !
I counted the demons, just seven in all ;
And nothing there liveth on earth or in sea,
Compared with the look of these demons may be.
Of lamp or fire, in the hall there was none ;
'Twas lit by the eyes of the demons alone. !—
Which constantly burn'd with a phosphoric glow,
Serving dimly, the walls of their cavern to show ;
Whilst over their features, so ghastly, it threw
A light that forever was changing its hue.
And the demons danced, and the demons sang,
And loudly the hall with their wild laugh rang—
Ha ha ha ! ha ha ha ! ha ha ha !

Faithful and life-like the pictures were all,
Painted so strangely upon the dark wall.
Whenever to gaze on a picture I turn'd,
The eyes of the demons more brilliantly burn'd ;
And over it cast such a wonderful light,
The parts so like magic came forth to the sight,

That no longer a picture you'd take it to be—
The whole was a fearful reality !

The first was a scene where a gallows stood high ;
Thousands on thousands were standing thereby ;
The wise and the simple, the young and the old,
The death of a brother had come to behold.
Coldly they look'd on the victim of crime,
Nurtured in sin from his earliest time—
By the world at his birth he was met with a frown ;
The rich and the haughty had trampled him down ;
Snares and temptations were cast in his way,
To harden his heart, and to lead him astray :
For crimes of his youth he was stamp'd with a brand,
That to him forever society bann'd ;
Till path for his footsteps the world offer'd none,
Save the dark thorny path of transgression alone !
No charity saught him, no sympathy came,
When kindness might save him from sorrow and shame.
And thus they had made him, the thing he appear'd,
A thing of their loathing, a thing to be fear'd ;
And now with his life, he was doom'd to atone,
For crimes that were scarcely more his than their own ;

And here they had come, his death-struggle to see,
As if it a thing for rejoicing could be !
All this on the picture was faithfully shown,
By an art that to mortals, as yet is unknown.
The figures inspired with life seem'd to be,
For acting before me this tragedy.

As on this picture I tearfully gazed,
A fearful shout by the demons was raised—
“That picture is mine,” by a demon was said;
“Know I not well the limner’s trade ?”
And again they danced, and again they sang,
And again the hall with their wild laugh rang—
Ha ha ha ! ha ha ha ! ha ha ha !

I saw on the next, a wretch haggard and poor,
Tremblingly stand at a rich man’s door.
He had ask’d for bread, and been driven away ;
The master was feasting his friends that day,
And he could not endure that one wretched as he,
Should intrude on that jovial company.
Why was that lone one so haggard and poor,
Who tremblingly stood at the rich man’s door ?

Where are the fruits of that acre of soil,
On which the poor man was permitted to toil?
In the rich man's barn, ye will find them there,
The husk, and the bran, were the poor man's share.

The scene was changed ; the poor man had come
Dejected and sad to his humble home—
His wife before him of famine lay dead ;
His famishing children were crying for bread,
From his tatter'd garment a loaf he drew,
Dividing it all 'twixt his children two.

Again the scene changed, and the poor man I saw
In a dungeon, stretch'd on a bed of straw.
He had stolen the loaf from the rich man's board—
A dungeon and chains had been his reward ;
His children were taken, he knew not where,
Words may not picture his look of despair.

Again I wept, and again the cry
Of the demons rose exultingly.
“That,” shouted one, “is a picture of mine !
Am I not skill'd in the art divine ?”

And again they danced, and again they sang,
And again the hall with their wild laugh rang—
Ha ha ha ! ha ha ha ! ha ha ha !

I next saw a miser, decrepit and old,
The heart's blood of widows converting to gold !
From tears of the orphan was making it now,
And now from the sweat of the laborer's brow.
As thousands on thousands, he'd add to his store,
His cry was still ever, for more, for more.
His eye had no fire, his heart had no glow,
He felt naught of pleasure, he felt not for woe :
The kindlier feelings within him were dead,
His bosom, hope, charity, sympathy, fled ;
He had for the voice of affliction no ear,
For the timid no smile, for misfortune no tear.

Of gold he had made him a god ! at whose shrine
He sacrificed all that of man is divine !
He had sever'd the ties of attachment that bind
The man to his country, his God, and his kind.
His mind was a dungeon, cold, silent, and dark,
Uncheer'd by one kindly illumining spark—

The doors of its chambers were open to none,
He dwelt as a hermit within, it alone !

As I turn'd from this picture with loathing and pain,
Loud rang the shout of the demons again.

"That," shouted a demon, "was painted by me!
May I not proud of my handiwork be?"

And again they danced, and again they sang,
And again the hall with their wild laugh rang—

Ha ha ha ! ha ha ha ! ha ha ha !

The next was a country, far reaching and wide,
Where death was at revel on every side !

The ruins of cities were strewn on the ground,
The bones of whose people lay bleaching around .

The harvest was scatter'd, the cottage was burn'd,
The streams into rivers of blood had been turn'd

The daughter was ravish'd, the father was slain,
And innocence pleaded, but pleaded in vain.

On the hearth was the blood of the mother and child,
With pollution the temples of God were defiled.

Crime boasted his doings, no longer restrain'd,
While passions the vilest and worst, were unchain'd.

High in the midst was the worker of ill,
Attended by millions, the slaves of his will ;
His praises they sang, and they shouted his fame,
And call'd as if he were a God, on his name.
A fiery charger he proudly bestrode,
Whose hoofs seem'd to spurn the red earth that he
trod;
Of glittering steel was the helmet he wore,
His hands were all dripping, and reeking with gore ;
With arrows of death went the flash of his eye—
Blood dropp'd from the sabre he brandish'd on high ;
Thousands before him in terror were flying :
His pathway lay over the dead and the dying :
Famine his footsteps came following on,
Finishing what he had left undone.

When heart-sick I ceased on this picture to gaze,
Again did the demons their horrid shout raise,
And I heard a voice saying, "that picture is mine !
'What Artist on earth can produce one so fine ?"
And again they danced, and again they sang,
And again the hall with their wild laugh rang—
Ha ha ha ! ha ha ha ! ha ha ha !

On the next was a man who seem'd master to be,
Of all the world's boasted philosophy !
Beside him were diagram, telescope, chart,
And many a ponderous volume on art.
Yet knowledge had open'd her storehouses wide,
But to darken his soul, and to fill him with pride.
He could look into Nature, and fathom her laws ;
But felt not their wisdom, or saw not their cause,
For poison alone from the fountain he drew,
And chance, only chance, was the God that he knew !
Life to him had been gloomy and dark, as a pall,
He was striving to make it as gloomy to all.

From the poor man his hope he had taken of Heaven,
And death and the grave in return he had given !
From the cripple had stolen the crutch of his need,
And left him to lean on a mere broken reed.
'Gainst Nature's voice he had deafen'd his ear,
Lest the praises of Nature's God he should hear :
He was striving to silence the voice of the spheres,
That had sang of their Maker for thousands of years ;
Whatever he touch'd fell with mildew and blight,
And light-hearted Innocence shrank from his sight.

I turn'd away—for a coldness there came,
That went like an ague-chill through my frame.
And again the shout of the demons all,
Loudly rang through the vaulted hall.
“That picture was painted by me,” said one ;
“Thinkest thou not it is cleverly done ?”
And again they danced, and again they sang,
And loudly again their wild laugh rang—
Ha ha ha ! ha ha ha ! ha ha ha !

I saw on the next, men with faces whose gloom,
Bespake them in dread of some horrible doom ;
And that volume so sacred, before them I saw,
Men hold as their counsel, their guide, and their law ;
But its precepts by them were so strangely construed,
They seem'd with the deadliest venom imbued !
And its voice of good-will meant by Heaven to bless,
Was made to add only to human distress.

The world they were making all gloomy and dull,
That God had created of beauty so full ;
The roses of life of their bloom they had shorn,
And left of them only the stems, and the thorn,



As if when delight from the earth they had driven,
They better could find their own pathway to Heaven.
Defacing His image, the work of His hand,
They thought would the love of their Maker command !
For mercy to Heaven they ceaselessly cried,
But the mercy they sought for, to others denied.
They would force all to follow their own gloomy path,
And worship a God but of vengeance and wrath ;
And all whom they could not their proselytes make,
Were sent to the dungeon, the gibbet, or stake.

I turn'd away, and again the cry

Of the demons rose exultingly !

" I painted that picture," one shouted aloud,

" May I not well of my skill be proud ?"

And again they danced, and again they sang,

And again the hall with their wild laugh rang—

Ha ha ha ! ha ha ha ! ha ha ha !

I look'd on another—the seventh and last—

The picture presented a theatre vast ;

Where scenes were enacting of every crime

That had blasted the earth, from its earliest time !

And every sorrow, and every woe,
That suffering man is permitted to know.
The libertine, suicide, murd'rer, were there,
Their deeds were enacted, their hearts were laid bare.
A mother had strangled her innocent child,
And sottishly over her victim she smiled;
A husband the wife of his bosom had slain,
And now his own heart's blood was striving to drain.
Here a son by a blow from his father lay dead,
By the hand of a son, there a father had bled;
And crimes too revolting, too horrid to tell,
Were pictured too faithfully, pictured too well.
There Blasphemy sat in his hideousness!
And Want with his piteous cry of distress;
The Idiot was there with his soulless eye—
And the Madman raving furiously;
The ruin'd Rake with his look of despair,
Disease in its every form was there,
Infecting the air with its poisonous breath:
O'ershadowing all was the phantom of death!

Nor fail'd the art of the demons to show
The cause of this misery, crime, and woe.

I saw in the midst of the scene was a Well,
Whose fountain was fed by the fountains of hell !
Surrounding the fountain a temple was rear'd,
While numbers attending the fountain appear'd—
From its poisonous stream they were filling the bowl
That blasted the heart, and polluted the soul.
A tribute most strange by the victims was paid,
To those who engaged in this horrible trade—
Of daughters the tears ! and of mothers the sighs !
The heart of the good ! and the brains of the wise !
From under the dying was taken the bed,
From mouths of famishing children, the bread ;
Drop by drop the life-blood of some had been drain'd !
Of others, the virtue and truth were obtain'd !
Their earthly all had by many been given,
And thousands their hope had e'en barter'd of Heaven !

By many a wicked and cunning device,
Did those at the well the unwary entice ;
Its waters were loudly proclaim'd as the cure
Of every evil that flesh may endure ;
While bards of its virtues bewitchingly sang,
Till earth with its glories incessantly rang ;

With flowers then wreath'd of the goblet, the brim,
And drank till the light of their souls became dim.
And those I observed who attended the well,
In time to its poison a sacrifice fell ;
Yet others there lack'd not their places to fill,
The waters as lavishly dealing out still.

Long, long, did I gaze on this picture of dread ;
And when I had from it averted my head,
There came from the demons' voices a roar,
Such as my ear never greeted before.

“That is the work of my pencil,” said one !

“Thinkest thou not it is masterly done ?”

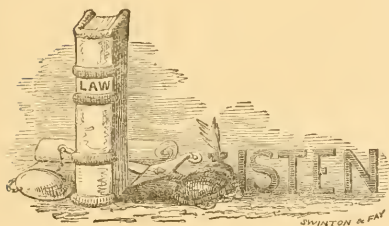
And again they danced, and again they sang,
And again the hall with their wild laugh rang—

Ha ha ha ! ha ha ha ! ha ha ha !

END OF PART FIRST.

PART SECOND.

THE cry was hush'd, the pageant through—
Dimmer the eyes of the demons grew,
And from off the gloomy wall;
Vanish'd had the pictures all;
When a demon silence broke—
And advancing thus he spoke—



MORTAL, ponder well,
On the things which we
shall tell.

Mortal, turn attentive ear
To the things which thou shalt hear.
Listen, mortal, we are they
Who the affairs of mortals sway;
O'er their councils I preside—
I upon their laws decide—
I to each his place assign;
To divide their wealth is mine;

Though Injustice be my name,
 Justice is the one I claim !
 And her robe of purity,
 On the earth is worn by me.
 Those thou seest in the hall,
 Mortal, are *my children all*—



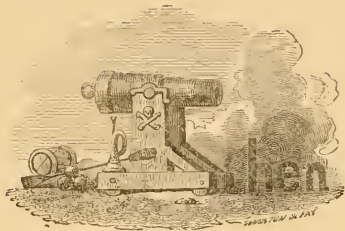
ON me, another cried,
 Mortal, I am *Worldly Pride!*
 I it is inflate the brain—

Fill the heart with fancies vain ;
 Rend of brotherhood, the ties,
 Raise the barriers that rise
 'Twixt the rich man and the poor ;
 Shut of charity the door,
 Make man deem his highest aim,
 Earthly honors, earthly fame ;
 Honest worth in rags despise,
 And with friendship look on vice,
 If within his grasp he hold,
 Though the fruit of rapine, *gold !*"



ANOTHER demon said,
“On my slaves a spell have
laid,
Such as never hath been bro-
ken

By the word of magic spoken !
On the heart of man it lies,
Drying up its sympathies,
Till as well a heart of steel,
Might the woes of others feel ;
And the world to him's a glass
That but one reflection has—
That, the image of himself,
Worshiping his idol—pelf !”



ROSE the demon of war
and said—

“Mortal, thou knowest my bloody trade;
Yet not on battle-fields alone,
Believe that all my deeds are done.
Scarce leaves his mother’s breast the boy,
Ere I my fiendish arts employ,
A tiny sword I put in his hand,
And teach him to lisp the word of command;
His youth I charm with song and story,
Of martial pomp, and martial glory,
Till war inspire his every dream,
And blood, and pillage, pastime seem!
Thus man is taught from infancy,
My willing worshiper to be;
And earth is made in every clime,
The scene of violence and crime!”



ANOTHER draweth near!
 And another voice I hear—
 Saying—"Mortal, look on me!

I am *Infidelity!*

Man I make his God deny—

Make him think the truth a lie—

I with knowledge store his mind,

Only to deceive and blind :

Make his life a journey drear,

Having naught his path to cheer,

Or a hope to pierce the gloom ;

Of the night beyond the tomb.

To him on the bed of death,

No kind angel minist'reth !

Yet I leave him not alone—

O'er his couch there leaneth one,

One, the demon of despair !

Ever with him, sitteth there."



TURN," another said,
 "Look on me ! the demon
 dread,

Who for ages held the soul,
 Subject to his fierce control ;
 And in superstition's night,
 Shrouded its celestial light.
 War was but my instrument,
 O'er the world in vengeance sent—
 On my reeking altars then,
 Slaughter'd by their brethren,
 Myriads were doom'd to bleed,
 For their conscience, for their creed ;
 While the sacred law of God,
 'Neath man's impious foot was trod,
 And the law he held divine,
 Only was a law of mine !
 Though my power hath felt decay,
 Yet do millions own my sway."



SPAKE Intemperance—"Mortal
know

I am thy worst, thy deadliest foe—
For I alone have given birth,
To half the miseries of earth!
I put the knife in the murd'rer's hand,
And of the incendiary light the brand,
I fill the prisons, the gallows I feed,
I fit the wretch for each damning deed;
But more than this 'twere needless to tell,
What my picture already has shown so well.
Thou hast heard us one by one;
Mortal, now our task is done!"

He ceased—and the demons all once more,
Made the hall ring with their fearful roar.
And again they danced, and again they sang,
And again their strange laugh wildly rang—
Ha ha ha! ha ha ha! ha ha ha!

But hark ! what music do I hear ?
Why do the demons quake with fear ?
Lo ! the cavern walls divide !
Through the parted ceiling, glide
In a blaze of heavenly light,
Two celestial spirits bright !
Blooming with immortal youth—
One is Love ! and one is Truth !
From the first there comes the glow,
That Love only can bestow ;
Radiant is the next with light,
Than the noonday sun, more bright !
Yet not like the noonday sun,
Dazzling those it shines upon.
But each thing it brings to view,
In its proper shape and hue ;
And in strains divinely sweet,
Now my ears their voices greet—



CEASE, your reign
is o'er!

Ye on earth shall
dwell no more—

God hath sent his Son again,
O'er the bleeding world to reign—
We the servants of his will,
Shall henceforth your places fill!
Earth with war no more shall groan—
Violence shall be unknown—
Banish'd shall Intemperance be,
From the earth eternally;
Infidelity shall perish
With the falsehoods he would cherish;
And Fanaticism die,
His own fires devour'd by;
Pride and Avarice shall go
To the realms of endless woe,
But Injustice may not dwell
Even in the depths of hell!

Demons, peace—your spell is broken !

Demons, peace—your doom is spoken !”

The light of the sun in my chamber broke,

And I from my fearful slumber awoke,

But still the demons appear to be near,

And their fearful laugh still rings in my ear—

Ha ha ha ! ha ha ha ! ha ha ha !

THE BEAUTIFUL.

THE beautiful, the beautiful,
It dwelleth everywhere !
There's none of all life's varying scenes
Where beauty hath no share.

The beautiful, the beautiful,
All Nature's works pervades,
Not more amid her smiling bowers,
Than in her solemn shades.

Nor in the outward world of sense,
Doth it most love to dwell ;
But in the breathing world of thought,
It flourisheth as well.

The beautiful, the beautiful,
It is of God alone !
And where his love extendeth not,
There, only, is there none !

The ills of life may gather round,
And wear their direst form,
But when the tempest loudest howls,
There's beauty in the storm !

O ! it is beautiful to mark
The soul of daring high,
With trust in God, and love for man,
The ills of life defy.

And in affliction's darkest hour,
'Tis beautiful to see,
How closely heart to heart is bound
By love and sympathy.

When fiends in human form, inspired
By rancor and by hate,
Go prowling through this lovely world
To make it desolate—

'Tis beautiful, 'tis beautiful !
How from the deepest woe,
God in his providence doth make
The rarest blessings flow !

The beautiful, the beautiful !

It dwelleth everywhere !

There's none of all life's varying scenes,

Where beauty hath no share.

Yet life, alas ! containeth much

The beautiful to mar :

If man were only true to man,

Earth would be lovelier far.

And thou who mayest chance to read

This artless lay of mine,

Let not to add unto the weight

Of human ills be thine.

Attempt not with thy puny arm

God's harmony to break,

But labor in thy sphere, the world

More beautiful to make.

For O ! there's naught more beautiful,

The creature may possess,

Than that which urges him to add

To human happiness.

S O U L .

TREMBLING on ocean's verge I stood,
And heard his awful voice of power,
While foam'd and raved the mighty flood,
As if impatient to devour ;
And I beheld a form of life,
Unmoved beside the billows stand,
Which calmly gazing on the strife,
Thus spake in accents of command—
“ Think not I fear thy boisterous wave,
Proud Ocean !—thou shalt be my slave !”

And much I marvel'd when I saw,
That one so impotent and frail,
Could by some strange, mysterious law,
O'er such a mighty strength prevail !
The feats by fabled giants done,
Were but the acts of childhood's play,
Compared with his, this daring one,
Who taught the ocean to obey !

And make him as his master know,
To bear his burdens to and fro.

Loud roar'd the wind, and in its wrath
Spread desolation far and near,
And all the beings in its path,
Fell prostrate to the earth with fear !
Save this strange one ! who, smiling said—
“ Vainly, dread Tempest, dost thou rave ;
Thee will I summon to my aid—
The wind shall also be my slave !”
When lo ! he did the wind subdue,
And make of him a servant too !

I saw the all-consuming Fire
Yield in obedience to his will !
Back from its dreaded path retire,
A menial post for him to fill ;
To aid him in his searchings deep,
Into creation's secret things,
And give to him the power to sweep
O'er earth and ocean, as on wings !

Then like an humble friend become,
To warm his hearth, and light his home !

The lightning flash'd athwart the sky !

The adamantine rocks were riven—
Its voice of thunder loud and high,
Echoed till trembled earth and heaven ;
Yet I beheld this being frail,
The lightning grasp without a fear !
And o'er its fearful strength prevail,
To bear his mandates far and near :
Like post-boy traveling day and night,
Yet swift as on the wings of light.

As round us in the vast expanse,
Creation's glories were unfurl'd,
I saw this being at a glance,
Measure and weigh, each sun and world !
I could no longer hold, but cried,
Who may this wondrous creature be ?
Unlike all earth-born things beside,
He grasps, almost, infinity,

And doth the elements control !

A voice replied, " The human soul."

Yet I beheld that very soul,

Become of meanest things the slave !

Subject to Passion's fierce control,

Its powers laid prostrate in the grave ;

Or living but itself to curse,

With ghastly fears, and tortures fell ;

And more than even this, and worse—

A weight to drag it down to hell.

Thus did it sink, despised by all,

Spurn'd by the very things that crawl !

And is it always thus to be ?

Shall man still play the suicide ?

He who when in his purity,

Walk'd with his Maker side by side ?

No ! thanks to the redeeming power

Of the Creator's boundless grace,

Not long shall be delay'd the hour,

Which erring man again shall place,

Once more upon the smiling earth,

As pure as at creation's birth.

FANNY'S NO MORE.

Suggested by the Death of Mrs. Osgood.

As lately I stray'd through the evergreen bowers,
Whose music so often had cheer'd me before,
A voice from the trees, and the birds, and the flowers,
In accents of wailing, sang—"Fanny's no more!"

A sweet child of Nature, so gentle, so tender,
Our hearts in her numbers it cheer'd us to pour,
And all that was pure in our music to lend her,
But hush'd is her voice, for—"Our Fanny's no more!"

In the quiet of evening, the breezes soft sighing,
The voice of the stream, and the groves on the shore,
And Echo's sweet notes to their music replying,
All bore the sad burden—"Our Fanny's no more!"

The dear ones whose loved home to cheer she delighted
While life's pulses beat shall her memory adore;
Their bosoms are rent, and their fondest hopes blighted,
Ah! well may they weep, for—"their Fanny's no more!"

All crush'd is her lute, and no aid can restore it,
For cold are the fingers that swept it of yore;
Yet still when the wings of the zephyr pass o'er it,
It sighingly whispers—"Our Fanny's no more!"

The angels have added a harp to their numbers,
Or regain'd one but lent, they had sought to restore;
Though mortals still fancy its voice ever slumbers,
And sigh at the thought, that—"their Fanny's no
more!"

LOVE AND TRUTH.

THERE is a fountain deep of love,
In every human heart !
A fount that never drieth up,
However choak'd by art.

In childhood's days of innocence
It knows no resting place,
Encircling all our little world,
Within its fond embrace.

But after years come freighted with
Earth's selfishness and pride,
Which choak the sacred fountain up,
Until it seemeth dried.

Yet he who deeply probes the heart,
Who searcheth it with care,
Will find e'en in the stoniest,
That fountain still is there.

For though it seem beyond thy power
The worldling's heart to move,
That heart, couldst thou but reach the fount,
Would overflow with love.

And often when we deem it lost
It gusheth forth again;
The worldliness that buries it
Its sources cannot drain.

There is in every breast, a lamp
That never goeth out,
Though sadly is its blaze obscured
By falsehood, fear, and doubt.

The Lamp of Truth! by Heaven bestow'd
To light man's devious way;
Whoever duly heedeth it
May never go astray.

Believe not of the veriest wretch
That all is dark within;
The heavenly lamp may be obscured,
But never quench'd, by sin.

And often when we think there doth
A midnight darkness reign;
That lamp the darkness shall dispel,
And all be bright again.

If one there be, to Love and Truth
Seems dead forevermore,
Believe it not, but humbly strive
Their influence to restore.

Assured that though they may at times
In vain exert their force,
All Heaven-born things must ever be
Undying as their source.

THE MOUNTAIN PINE.

A MONARCH is the mountain pine !

It towers to the sky !

And wears in sunshine and in storm,

Its robe of changeless dye.

While e'en the sturdy oak must bow

To winter's ruthless sway,

And all the noble forest trees,

Their glories cast away ;

The stately mountain pine unchanged,

Amid the dreary scene,

Still rears its proud majestic form,

Forever fresh and green !

When in those hallow'd days gone by,

The glorious woods I roved,

Above all other forest trees,

That stately tree I loved.

I loved it for its tow'ring form—
Its green of changeless dye—
And for the power it seem'd to have,
The winter to defy.

Like journeying through the forest still,
This life appears of mine,
And every generous spirit seems,
A stately mountain pine !

As o'er the forest trees the pine
Lifts up its lofty crest,
So 'mong the countless mass of men
They tower above the rest.

Within each bosom burns the fire
Of love, which never dies :
While trust in God a strength imparts
Which every storm defies.

Time hath for them no withering blight,
The seasons as they roll,
Bring with them only more of health,
And vigor, to the soul.

And when at length life's winter comes,
No change in them is seen,
They flourish like the mountain pine,
Forever fresh and green !

SONG OF THE ARTIST.

THE artist holds the noblest boon
By God to mortals given—
To catch while here upon the earth,
Some glimpses bright of Heaven !
Then bless the art, that can impart
A joy beyond all others,
While heart and hand, we firmly stand
A faithful band of brothers.

He holds communion with his God,
With Nature for his teacher ;
He listens to her whisperings,
And notes her every feature :
Then bless the art, &c.

The bosom of the artist true,
Admits no selfish feeling ;

His heart is ever at the shrine
Of Truth and Beauty kneeling :
Then bless the art, &c.

The artist dwells, but not alone
Dwells in the world ideal ;
He draws from thence a halo bright,
To cast around the real :
Then bless the art, &c.

He drives the gloom that else would hang
Upon our lonely hours,
And strews the rugged paths of life,
With never-fading flowers :
Then bless the art, &c.

'Tis ours the task, the glorious task,
Man's weary load to lighten,
And with a torch of heavenly flame
His path-way dark, to brighten :
Then bless the art, that can impart
A joy beyond all others,
And heart and hand resolve to stand,
A faithful band of brothers.

EMMET'S LAST NIGHT IN PRISON.

ANOTHER night has come ! another morning

These eyes shall greet—that morn shall be my last ;
E'er the toil-worn shall greet the night's returning,
This weary soul shall to its home have pass'd !

Well, be it so ; for me, for all, 'twere better

E'en thus to fall, than wear the tyrant's chain ;
They've done their worst ; could they the spirit fetter,
Gladly they'd free these shackled limbs again.

And all their vaunted power could only sever

The slender tie that binds me to the clay ;
While I henceforth, am free to roam forever
Through boundless realms beyond their hated sway !

But O, my country ! 'tis for thee the anguish,

That at life's parting rends my bleeding breast ;
How long, O God ! must hapless Erin languish,
Reviled, degraded, slander'd and oppress'd ?

Yes, my loved country, I had hoped to see thee
Among the nations proudly take thy stand ;
With Heaven's blessing, I had sworn to free thee
From the foul wrong of slavery's withering brand.

To lofty hopes what a disastrous ending !
Has Heaven no power a people crush'd to save ?
Lo, the reward of one for truth contending—
These chains, a gibbet, an untimely grave.

But why, with impious tongue, complain of Heaven ?
Never in vain the murder'd patriot dies,
His blood, like seed to fruitful soil is given,
Whence for each drop a thousand champions rise !

This gibbet is to me a crown of glory !
This yawning grave shall but my faults entomb !
While millions yet unborn, who hear my story,
Shall, fired by it, my glorious work resume.

This heartless deed a spirit shall awaken,
That from their slumber Erin's sons shall call,
Until the oppressor's strong hold shall be shaken,
And his proud throne shall totter to its fall.

Yes, I could now endure my fate with gladness,
Save that it grieves me thus from her to part,
Who by my doom is overwhelm'd with sadness,
Sadness that well might break the stoutest heart.

But no, her generous nature I am wronging,
A noble pride shall hallow every sigh ;
Her's is a soul to purer worlds belonging,
To her at least, her Emmet ne'er shall die !

Then speed ye on, ye hours, swiftly fleeing,
No wish have I to curb your rapid flight ;
To-morrow, mine shall be a nobler being,
To her I love, to all, a last good night. .

THE SEA OF LIFE.

OH ! 'tis a glorious sight to mark,
Yon ship so gallantly,
With swelling sails and streamers gay,
Glide o'er the tranquil sea.

But 'tis a nobler sight I ween,
To see her stately form,
When stoutly rigg'd, and strongly mann'd,
And battling with the storm !

The pleasure-barge all fearlessly,
Th' unruffled sea may breast ;
The virtues of the gallant ship,
The storms alone can test.

And thus upon the tide of life,
Give me the vessel trim ;
The bark can weather every gale—
On every sea can swim !

Give me the man who falters not,
When threat'ning tempests rise;
But who upon his own good heart
And Heaven's strong arm relies;

Who in his noble bosom holds
A staunch and sturdy crew,
Of stern resolve, and purpose right,
And trust, to bear him through.

Such soul as his, though long it be,
Of wind and wave the sport,
Shall bravely ride the tempest out,
And win its destined port.

The stream of my recorded life
Has been no summer sea;
And if the struggles yet to come
Are sterner ones to be,—

My prayer, O God! is not that thou
Shouldst shield me from the blast,
But give me strength, and hope, and will,
To battle to the last.

THE CULPRIT.

DEEP sunken was the culprit's eye,
And haggard was his look ;
And sadly with disease and fear,
His wretched body shook.

For his transgressions he had paid,
The law's hard penalty ;
And now a shatter'd human wreck,
He was once more set free.

His wasted limbs still bore the marks
By galling fetters made ;
And all might see the hand of death,
Was now upon him laid.

And ever and anon he raised
His eyes imploringly,
As if he sought from those around,
Some signs of sympathy.

“Ah! let them not,” at length, he cried,

“Imprison me again—

Save me from those with whom to plead

I know would be in vain!

“Crimes which they deem unpunish’d yet,

They do against me charge,

And they will seize me when they learn

I am again at large.

“O! let them not to wretchedness

The few brief moments doom,

Which Heaven in kindness yet may grant

Between me and the tomb!

“Though stain’d with many a fearful crime,

’Tis true my life hath been,

Yet oh! how bitterly I’ve paid

The penalty of sin!

“In yonder City where we go

I have a mother old;

Let me once more before I die

Her angel face behold!

“ Basely have I her love repaid—
Deeply her heart I’ve wrung—
And death were doubly death
“ Without forgiveness from her tongue.

“ I would not to the other world
Without her smile be sent;
And it would soothe her bleeding heart,
To know that I repent.

“ O ! for my mother’s blessing !
And in her arms to die !
Forgiveness from her lips would be
A passport to the sky !”

Kind were the hearts of those who stood
That wretched man beside ;
They bore him to his mother’s arms,
And in those arms he died.

Thus did he sink in prime of life
’Mid misery and shame,
And who shall say how much the world
Was for his crimes to blame ?

We raise the gallows, forge the chain
For those who go astray,
But think not to remove the snares,
Cast in the victim's way.

Ah ! when shall man his brother teach
To shun the paths of shame,
And learn that 'tis not his to crush
The fallen—but reclaim ?

THE MOUNTAIN ROSE.

I LOVE each tender plant whose bloom
Enriches beauty's bower,
And 'mong the garden's rival queens,
Have many a fav'rite flower :
But far more dear to me than all
That in the garden grows,
Is one that decks the rugged cliff,
The simple mountain rose.

It makes its home upon the rock,
That else would seem so bare,
Adorns it with its cheerful bloom,
And sheds its perfume there :
No gentle hand its beauty rears,
No fostering care it knows,
It loveliest blooms when left alone,
The simple mountain rose.

Thus clinging to the rugged soil,
Like Love it seems to pride,

In cherishing its fav'rite still,
Though spurn'd by all beside ;
And like the charm, that woman round
Man's harsher nature throws,
Thus beautifies the rugged cliff,
The simple mountain rose.

I always loved that little flower ;
It ever seem'd to be
So partial to the mountain air,
So fond of liberty !
A stranger to the garden where
Its statelier sister grows,
It shuns the busy haunts of men,
The simple mountain rose.

And when this aching heart of mine,
Its throbbing pulse shall cease,
And far from earthly ills removed,
This spirit be at peace,
I ask but this—that wheresoe'er
My ashes may repose,
Some friendly hand shall o'er them plant,
The simple mountain rose.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

FROM the trance once endless seeming,
Nations have awoke at last,
Man his spirit is redeeming
From the thralldom of the past.

Mind hath burst the bonds abhorrent,
Ignorance had forged for her,
Leaping like a mountain torrent
O'er its rocky barrier!

Fast the clouds of doubt and error
Vanish under Reason's ray!
Superstition's reign of terror,
Hath forever pass'd away!

Vainly rulers now dissemble;
Well their every act is scann'd,
Thrones are tott'ring, tyrants tremble,
Their destruction is at hand.

Nor can all the aid restore them,
Which embattled hosts afford,
For the power that triumphs o'er them,
Is a mightier than the sword !

In his right, his worth, believing,
Man with regal pomp hath done,
Mind a victory is achieving,
Such as war hath never won.

Only to the Omnipresent,
Willingly we bend the knee ;
And alike in king or peasant,
See but mortals frail as we.

Fearlessly the truth is probing
Systems time hath render'd gray,
Bland hypocrisy disrobing,
Tearing falsehood's mask away.

Science of her toil unsparing,
Nature's mysteries to explore,
Enters with a fearless daring,
Paths she never trod before.

From corruption's mists which shrouded,
Pure Religion's form in night,
She is coming forth unclouded,
In a blaze of heavenly light.

Scorning creeds however hoary,
Which man's intellect disgrace,
Pointing out the path of glory,
Destined for the human race ;

Testing by investigation
Everything however sage,
Building on a sure foundation
Is the Spirit of the age !

Speed, then, speed it on its mission,
Speed it in its work of good,
Teaching man his true position,
Universal brotherhood !

G R O W I N G O L D .

GROWING old ! growing old !

Vanish all such thoughts of gloom ;
Hearts like ours that wax not cold,
Ever wear a youthful bloom.

Growing old ! growing old !

Age is not for such as we ;
Years with us, shall but unfold
Deeper love and sympathy !

Growing old ! growing old !

Let the selfish worldling sigh,
Over heart and feelings sold
For the things which fade and die.

Growing old ! growing old !

When life's pilgrimage is o'er,
We shall rise an hundred fold
Fresher than we were before !

ELEGY ON A TOWN CRIER.

WITHIN this solitary grave
Lies honest Peter Brown ;
Who was, for many a long long year,
The crier of this town.

In early life a soldier brave,
He served his country well ;
In after years he cried for pay,
And rang his noisy bell.

He was a man of ready laugh,
Of wit and humor dry ;
But though full well he loved a joke,
He better loved to cry.

Was some poor widow's goods for rent
To be at auction sold,
From street to street, from door to door,
The piteous tale he told.

If cattle stray'd, if pocket-book,
Or urchin lost should be,
Howe'er the sufferers might lament,
None cried so loud as he.

This is a motley world of ours,
Where all things huddle in ;
Some dance, some sing, to earn their bread,
Some pipe, and others grin.

No wonder then, 'bout others' griefs
He such a rumpus made ;
He lived to cry, and cried to live,
For crying was his trade.

But still'd forever is his tongue,
And silenced is his bell—
We trust, poor man, where'er he is,
That he is doing well.

When from the earth he pass'd away,
Not many eyes were dim ;
For he was old, and had, we fear,
But few to cry for him.

And when we buried him, we placed
No marble at his head;
For sure 'tis wrong to give a stone
To one who cries for bread.

THE GRAPHIC MUSE.

SWEET Music from creation's birth,
Had hymn'd the anthem of the spheres;
And Poesy upon the earth,
Had sung to man a thousand years.

And unto each created thing,
They gave a soul, and gave a voice;
Till all their Maker's praise could sing
And in their being could rejoice.

While yet in sylvan bowers they dwelt,
Nor pride had tempted them from thence,
While all earth's tribes before them knelt,
And own'd their Heavenly influence;

They saw descending from the skies,
Their holy sisterhood to bless,
With glowing cheeks and radiant eyes,
Another form of loveliness!



Plutarch's Life

With joy they hail'd the sister new,
And rent the air with song and lute ;
But lo ! what horror seized the two,
To find the lovely maid was mute !

No voice responsive answer'd theirs,
Though ravish'd by their minstrelsy ;
By her unheeded were their prayers,
To join their strains of melody.

But all serene the heavenly maid,
Attentive listening the while,
As conscious power her look display'd,
Turn'd to her sisters with a smile.

Then to their view, a faultless hand,
On high with peerless grace she raised,
And in it waved a magic wand,
Round which the rainbow's glories blazed !

From Music's ever-varying strain,
She caught a harmony divine—
And mutely gave it forth again
In blended tint and waving line.

While Poesy astonish'd, sees
Her own creations taking form !
Nor airy, shadowy phantoms these,
But breathing shapes, with life-blood warm !

Old History's heroes, sages all,
Who in oblivion's night had lain,
Rose at her spell's all-powerful call,
To live, and breathe, and act again.

Beneath her touch, the marble cold
Sprang into forms divinely fair !
Till Gods, and Angels, might behold
Their own perfections imaged there.

Proud Ocean, when he quiet lies,
As tranquil as an infant's sleep—
Or when his waves in fury rise,
And storm-fiends howl across the deep,

Beheld himself by her portray'd
In all his majesty and power—
While now she playfully essay'd
To decorate some fairy bower.

The fleeting glories of the skies,
The flow'rets garlanding the spring,
Each beauty earth or air supplies,
E'en to the insect's painted wing;

The lofty, the sublime, she sought,
And bade them on the canvas be—
The very lightning's flame she caught,
And stamp'd it there indelibly!

The warring passions of the soul,
Its mirthful moods, its moods of thought,
Were subjected to her control,
And in her living pictures wrought.

When Friendship saw Death's ruthless hand,
Laid on the forms that she would save,
This fair one touch'd them with her wand,
And they were rescued from the grave!

Man from her silent teachings learn'd,
The good, the lovely to adore—
And from the senseless idols turn'd,
To which he 'd blindly knelt before.

She and her sisters, over life
A halo, and a charm have thrown,
Cheering its scenes with sorrow rife,
We else had sought in Heaven alone.

Well may a grateful world caress
This fairest offspring of the skies;
And well the enraptured poet bless
“The art that can immortalize.”

ALL IS ACTION, ALL IS MOTION.

ALL is action, all is motion,
In this mighty world of ours ;
Like the currents of the ocean,
Man is urged by unseen powers.

Steadily, but strongly moving,
Life is onward evermore ;
Still the present age improving,
On the age that went before.

Duty points with outstretch'd fingers,
Every soul to actions high ;
Woe betide the soul that lingers ;—
Onward ! onward ! is the cry.

Though man's foes may seem victorious,
War may waste, and famine blight,
Still from out the conflict glorious,
Mind comes forth with added light !

O'er the darkest night of sorrow,
From the deadliest field of strife,
Dawns a clearer, brighter morrow—
Springs a truer, nobler life.

Onward, onward, onward ever !
Human progress none may stay ;
All who make the vain endeavor,
Shall like chaff be swept away.

F A M E .

GIVE me honor, give me fame,
Let me have a deathless name,
Not the conqueror's fame, blood-bought,
Not for deeds of evil wrought,
Countless wealth, or boundless sway,
Save my memory from decay.

Not for skill to touch the lyre,
Kindling with poetic fire,
Power to bid, with magic art,
Into life the marble start,
Or the glowing canvas breathe,
Twine for me the unfading wreath.

When this troubled life is o'er,
When this pulse shall beat no more,
And this spirit pass away,
To worlds that know not of decay,
If the bays I shall have won,
Be it for the good I've done.

THE INDIAN MAIDEN.

THE warm autumn sun in the west was declining,
And deep in the shade lay the valleys below,
But the tops of the mountains, the river's broad bosom,
The clouds overhanging, were all in a glow ;

When I saw a dark maid of the forest before me,
On a moss-cover'd mound kneeling sad and forlorn,
And her wail, as I sat 'neath the oak's spreading branches,
To me on the wings of the zephyr was borne.

"I have come," she exclaim'd, "from the wide spreading
prairie,

Where linger our people, a heart-broken band ;
I have sever'd each tie, on thy green grave to lay me,
And join thee, my love, in the bright spirit-land.

"They tell me the earth is as lovely as ever—
The streams are as sparkling, the sky is as clear,
That the flowers are as fragrant, the birds sing as sweetly;
To me all is gloomy, for thou art not here !

“O! valiant wert thou, when our home was invaded,
And swift as the eagle to pounce on the foe,
But the light of that home when the danger was over,
The maiden's kind heart could less gentleness show.

“To thee look'd our people to lead them to triumph,
To thee, in affliction, for counsel they came;
By the good thou wert loved, but the wicked reviled thee,
And trembled with fear at the sound of thy name.

“For our homes, and our hunting-grounds, long didst
thou battle,
But wisdom avail'd not, and valor was vain,
For the white men like leaves of the forest in number,
Swept over the land, and my hero was slain.

“Then longer to live, though 'mong fond ones, without
thee,
Is more than my grief-stricken spirit can bear;
And I know that the land thou art in must be dreary,
And cheerless to thee, when thy love is not there.

“Methinks thou art chiding me now that I tarry—
I'm coming, I'm coming, my loved one, to thee!”

Then seizing a knife, in her bosom she plunged it—
The life-blood gush'd forth, and her spirit was free.

We buried the maid by the side of her lover ;
The last lingering sunbeam illumines their graves ;
And the wild mountain-ash with its bright scarlet
berries,
Like tear-drops of blood, o'er their resting-place
waves.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

RECLINING in the cooling shade,
By spreading elms and lindens made,
A pleasing rapture o'er me stole,
That freed awhile my shackl'd soul,
Until I could communion hold,
With Nature, as man held of old,
E'er he the things of heavenly birth,
Exchanged for grosser things of earth,
Which made his senses dull and dim,
Till Nature was shut out from him.

The birds whose warbling fill'd the grove,
The flowers beneath, the clouds above,
The stream that rippled at my feet,
The browsing herd, the wild deer fleet,
The insect tribe on glittering wing,
Each plant, each tree, each breathing thing,
A music made so soft, so clear,
As seldom falls on mortal's ear.

I felt the voice was Nature's own ;
Such music Nature breathes alone ;
And this its burthen seem'd to be—
“ Return, return, return to me.

“ Oh, man ! my last, my fav'rite child,
Thou on whose birth creation smiled !
And I of mine own offspring proud,
Thee with my richest gifts endow'd,
While Heaven immortal life bestow'd,
And powers well worthy of a God:
Ah ! woe is me that thou shouldst fall,
Thou only of my children all,
Thou only, couldst ungrateful be—
Return, my erring child, to me.

“ Bright was the path for thee I spread,
To endless happiness it led ;
A path-way strewn with every good,
Nor sin, nor sorrow, might intrude.
But thou hast left my simple way,
Through error's devious paths to stray,
The paths of darkness, doubt, and fear ;
Ah ! hear me while thou still may'st hear.

Still would I thy protector be—
Return, my erring child, to me.”

The sun, the salt-wave sank below,
The sky with stars began to glow,
The rising moon had silver'd o'er
The scene the sun had lit before;
And all the voices of the night,
From shadowy dell and moon-lit height,
Took up the chorus I had heard,
From stream, and flower, and tree, and bird,
And borne upon the zephyr free—
“Return,” it said, “return to me.”

HIDDEN TREASURES.

PILGRIM on life's toilsome journey,
Searching for the good and true,
Be thou not in haste to turn thee
From what first offends thy view.

In the most unheard of places,
Richest treasures thou may'st find;
Forms that never knew the graces,
Have the loftiest souls enshrined.

Gems of price are deeply hidden,
'Neath the rugged rocks conceal'd;
What would ne'er come forth unbidden,
To thy search may be reveal'd.

While the fading flowers of pleasure,
Spring spontaneous from the soil,
Thou wilt find the harvest's treasure,
Yields alone to patient toil!

Of thy trials ne'er grow weary,
Child-like seek from all to learn ;
And in after-years to cheer thee,
Thou shalt reap a rich return.

All the good that we acquire—
Labor rightly, we bestow,
Fit us for a station higher,
In the world to which we go ;

And it is a thought most cheering,
That our labors, day by day,
Are the rugged path-way clearing,
For those following on the way.

Pilgrim on life's toilsome journey,
Searching for the good and true,
Be then not in haste to turn thee,
From what first offends thy view.

THE OLD PINE TREE WITH BRANCHES BARE.

ON yonder height, on yonder height,
That overlooks the valley fair,
One only object greets the sight—
An old pine tree with branches bare !

Long, long the sport of every storm,
Though sadly rent, as yet it rears
On high its tall and tap'ring form—
A relic sad of by-gone years.

Far in the distance winds the dell ;
And many a stately tree is there ;
But oh ! there 's none I love so well,
As that old tree with branches bare !

That old pine tree ! that old pine tree !
While on its wither'd form I gaze,
Care flies the while, and memory
Restores again my early days ;

Those days when 'mong the birds and flowers,
I roam'd the fields, a thoughtless boy,
Nor dream'd this lovely world of ours,
Could ever furnish aught but joy.

How often round that old pine tree,
I've sported with companions gay,
Who long since have forgotten me !
Or who are dead, or far away.

And ever as I chanced afar,
Through unfrequented paths to roam,
That old tree was my polar star,
To guide my wand'ring footsteps home.

From travel when returning still,
The first that seems to welcome me,
High tow'ring over wood and hill,
Is that old wither'd, leafless tree.

Its mould'ring trunk soon prostrate laid,
The fate of all things else must share,
But from my memory ne'er shall fade,
That old pine tree with branches bare !

THE TOWER OF STRENGTH.

CUNNINGLY the worldly-minded
Fortifies his selfish soul,
Thinking (by his vain heart blinded)
Destiny he may control.

Every out-work strong he maketh,
Which a crafty foe might win ;
But precaution never taketh
'Gainst the foes that lurk within.

Yet alliance prosper'd never,
That by man with sin was made ;
Fraud, deceit, and falsehood, ever
Blast the soul that seek their aid.

Though the meek and trusting spirit,
May all unprotected seem,
Power from Heaven he doth inherit,
Of which worldlings never dream ;

And if steadfast, faileth never,
In the strife to win at length,
For the Almighty's arm is ever
Unto him a tower of strength.

While the wall the sinful throweth
Round him, mouldereth away,
The defence that God bestoweth,
Waxeth stronger every day.

Pure in heart, then fear no longer
The assailants from without ;
Conscious innocence is stronger
Than the mightiest redoubt !

TO A BUTTERFLY.

O BUTTERFLY, butterfly, sailing along,
So lightly, so smoothly in air,
Pray rest thy light pinion, and list to my song,
Thou creature surpassingly fair!

Of the ne'er ceasing toil of the ant and the bee,
Though others the praises may sing,
O rather, much rather would I sail like thee,
Through the world upon light painted wing.

Though short be thy life, 'tis as brilliant as brief,
All summer, and sunshine, and glee,
As the days of our childhood, unclouded with grief,
When we danced through the meadows like thee.

Though no store-house with treasure, thy industry fills,
To provide 'gainst the season of snow;
What is winter to thee, with its numberless ills,
When thou livest not their terrors to know?

Life at best is but short, and will quickly depart,
While its hours are gliding away ;
Let us burthen them not, with a sadness of heart,
But partake of their joys while we may.

Then loud in the praise of the ant and the bee,
Let cold plodding moralists sing—
O rather, much rather, would I be like thee,
Fair insect with light painted wing.

RELIGION.

How doth the weary spirit droop with sadness,
As one by one long cherish'd hopes decay,
While those whose love once fill'd our hearts with glad-
ness,

Each in his turn, drops silently away—
Till death has sever'd all the ties that bind us
To the few charms that might the world endear;
And age and feebleness advancing, find us
Without one friend life's closing scene to cheer!

Thus have I seen the sky at summer even,
The moon and stars rejoicing in their light,
The playful meteors flashing through the heaven,
The milky-way enrapturing the sight;
Yet while I gazed, thick mists the heavens o'erclouded,
Star after star in their dark bosom sank,
In their thick folds the moon became enshrouded,
Till the whole sky was one unmeaning blank!

But no ! life's sky hath still one star remaining !
One brilliant star that lingers to the last ;
Religion ! man's best friend, the soul sustaining,
Until death's fearful barrier is past—
Cheering the drooping spirit at its going—
Piercing with heavenly light the awful gloom ;
Delightful glimpses to the soul bestowing,
Of that bright land that lies beyond the tomb ;

Nor points it only to the soul's last dwelling ;
Each deep recess it pierces with its light ;
From many a gloomy heart the clouds dispelling,
Had else been shrouded in eternal night :
While to the true the power it gives of seeing
Good, where he only look'd for ill before,
And from unhallow'd doubts the spirit freeing,
He learns at length to trust, and doubt no more.

TIME.

I HONOR thee, Time! for thy deeds of might—

I honor thee, Time, for thy honest dealing!

Thou'rt ever bringing the truth to light,

And the secret arts of the false revealing.

I honor thee, Time! for thy fearlessness;

Thou art ever the wrongs of the weak redressing,

Confounding the schemes of those who oppress,

Humbling the proud, and the faithful blessing.

I honor thee, Time! o'er the wounded heart

Thy healing balm thou art ever pouring;

To vigorous life, by thy matchless art,

The broken spirit thou art restoring.

I honor thee, Time! for thou art alone

The terror and dread of the evil-doer;

While the fallen and injured a friend have none,

With steadier aim, or purpose truer.

That thou art a fell destroyer, we say ;
But 'tis falsehood only thou art destroying ;
And didst thou not sweep the corrupt away,
Little would life have worth the enjoying.

The tyrant buildeth his castle strong,
And toileth to render his sway enduring,
And vainly fancies the reign of wrong,
He is forever and aye, securing.

How little he thinks that e'er well begun,
His walls of strength thou art undermining,
And silently dragging forth to the sun,
All the deeds of his dark designing ?

I honor thee, Time ! for no wrong can withstand
Thy assaults, determined and persevering ;
To succor the right thou art ever at hand,
And the way for its final triumph clearing.

We murmur, Time, that of ages past,
The things are so few that thou art preserving ;
Yet nothing dost thou in oblivion cast,
A place in thy treasure-house deserving.

I honor thee, Time ! for a flood of light
Upon the darken'd soul thou art pouring ;
The slave thou art teaching to know his right,
And love for his brother, to man restoring.

I honor thee, Time ! thou art clearing away
The mists which so long have our path-way
shrouded ;
And bringing the dawn of a brighter day,
Whose sky shall forever remain unclouded.

“NOTHING GOOD SHALL EVER PERISH.”

NOTHING good shall ever perish ;
Only the corrupt shall die :
Truth which men and angels cherish,
Flourishes eternally.

None are wholly God-forsaken—
All his sacred image wear ;
None so lost but should awaken
In our hearts, a brother's care.

Not a mind but has its mission—
Power of working woe or weal ;
So degraded none's condition,
But the world his weight may feel.

Words of kindness, words of warning,
Deem not ever spoke in vain ;
Even to those thy counsel scorning,
Oft shall they return again.

Though the mind absorb'd in pleasure,
Holds the voice of counsel light,
Yet doth faithful memory treasure,
What at first it seem'd to slight.

Words of kindness we have spoken,
May, when we have pass'd away,
Heal, perhaps, some spirit broken,
Guide a brother led astray.

Thus, our very thoughts are living,
Even when we are not here ;
Joy and consolation giving,
To the friends who hold us dear.

Not an act but is recorded—
Not a word but has its weight—
Every virtue is rewarded,
Outrage punish'd, soon or late.

Let no being then, be rated
As a thing of little worth ;
Every soul that is created,
Has its part to play on earth.

PRAYER OF THE LOST ONE.

ON a couch of rags unsightly,
 There was lying,
One whose heart once bounded lightly—
 She was dying!

She had friends and parents tender,
 Long ago;
Why she did these joys surrender,
 None may know.

Her's, perhaps, a story any
 One might tell;
She had charms, temptations many,
 And she fell!

Not a kindred heart was near her—
 All alone;
Friend to comfort or to cheer her,
 There was none!

Yet before the soul was taken
From the clay,
Fervently this one forsaken,
Thus did pray—

“God of mercy ! God of justice,
Undeiled !
Thou in whom the sinner’s trust is—
Hear thy child.

“By the world though unforgiven,
Lone and poor,
’Gainst me thou wilt not of Heaven
Shut the door ?

“For his sake, whose love unsparing,
Could of yore,
Mildly bid a sister erring,
Sin no more ;

“God of mercy ! do not spurn me ;
Full of grief
As of sin, has been life’s journey,
Dark and brief.

“ None to counsel, none to chide me,
There hath been ;
All companionship denied me,
Save of sin—

“ Looks where'er I turn'd discerning,
Cold and hard,
Every av'nue of returning,
'Gainst me barr'd—

“ All who could my love awaken,
Spurning me ;
Is it strange my faith was shaken
E'en in thee ?

“ Often have I wept, how sadly,
O'er my doom !
Often would have sank, how gladly,
To the tomb !

“ Then a terror would come o'er me,
Thus to die !
Dare a sinner stand before thee,
Such as I !

“But I feel death creeping over
My wreck'd frame;
Soon my spirit's earthy cover,
Earth must claim.

“Unto thee, thou God all-seeing,
Let me fly;
Thou canst yet my wretched being
Purify.”

Thus she sank, the broken-hearted,
Trusting Heaven:
Who shall say that she departed
Unforgiven?

MY NEWSPAPER.

HAIL, book of books—friend constant and untiring,
Permit an humble bard thy praise to sing—
To express his gratitude alone desiring,
For all the blessings thou dost daily bring.

The scholar in his wisdom may despise thee,
And thumb his worm-gnaw'd volumes o'er and o'er,
But more my constant visitor, I prize thee,
Than all the treasures of his boasted lore.

Thou dost not, like old musty tomes, astound us
With the deep learning of the mighty dead:
But all the living mass of mind around us,
Is to our gaze upon thy surface spread.

Anxious the thousand various tastes of pleasing,
All that the world presents, thou dost explore;
With skill unrival'd, industry unceasing,
To form thy ever-varying, motley store.

The grave debates in halls of legislation—

Schemes which the minds of men in power engage ;
And all the affairs of every tribe and nation,
Are found recorded on thy ample page.

Naught is too high, too low, for thy inspection—

Thou probest all things, sacred and profane !
Gathering thy stores from every direction,
That none who search thy page, may search in vain.

While to the wisest heads thy aid thou lendest,

Maids, matrons, eagerly thy page peruse ;
And like a parent kind thou condescendest,
The very children even, to amuse.

The stateman's guide, his path of duty teaching—

The merchant's constant counselor and friend ;
And even the laborer's humble dwelling reaching,
To cheer him when his day's hard labors end.

Ever our laws and liberties protecting,

When trait'rous men their country would betray,
Their deep-laid schemes of treachery detecting,
Thou draggest forward to the light of day.

Hail, potent guardian of the nation's honor !

Long, long, as now, untrammel'd mayest thou be ;
Distress and misery will fall upon her,
Soon as her sons forget to cherish thee !

God speed thee on ! the world's illuminator,
The clouds of error from each land dispel—
Where Freedom's throne has fallen, reinstate her,
Till tyrants find no place on earth to dwell.

OLD CRONEST.

O! IF there be a spot on earth,
By Heaven supremely blest—
'Tis where a little cottage stands,
Beside the Old Cronest.

Old Cronest with his rugged front
Towers like some giant dread;
And where the storm-king lights his torch,
He lifts his lofty head.

In all his majesty below,
The mighty Hudson lies;
In his broad mirror giving back
The mountains and the skies.

O, well I love that noble stream—
That rugged mountain high;
But dearer far to me than these,
Yon little cot hard by.

At morn while standing on my deck,
I note that cottage white,
And by the cheerful light within,
I know it in the night.

While near to me that cottage seems
Where'er I chance to roam,
And well may Fancy picture it,
For 'tis my Leila's home !

Of Leila's worth, of Leila's charms,
O why to others tell ?
Enough that they are all to me,
And that she knows it well.

Within that mountain's ample shade,
Our earliest breath we drew,
And there were form'd the sacred ties,
Which bind our hearts so true.

O, there our treasured life shall close,
And there our ashes rest,
And when we sleep, our monument
Shall be the Old Cronest !

WHO IS HUMBLE? WHO IS LOWLY?

Who is humble? who is lowly?

He who cringeth unto power,
Living in the shadow solely,
Of the lordlings of the hour?

No, the slavish spirit never
Knoweth of humility,
And when fortune favors, ever
Will the veriest tyrant be.

Is it he who ever preacheth
Of humility to thee?
Mark, if his example teacheth
Not of craft, and vanity!

Is it he whose dormant powers
Barely raise him from the clay—
And whose unrecorded hours
Serve but to divide the day?

Not with ignorance and weakness

Doth humility abide,

Oft'ner harbor there, than meekness,

Cunning, selfishness, and pride.

True humility abideth

Only in the trusting soul,

Where unwavering faith resideth,

And where love and truth control ;

One whose vision clear, far-seeing,

Hath to him his frailty shown ;

For the truly humble being,

Is the truly great alone !

THE FATAL PREDICTION.

A BALLAD.

THE lovely Isabel had charms
The loftiest queen might prize;
And her father was famed through many lands,
As a Seer, old and wise.

Young Garbaldi was a prince of power—
His lands were rich and wide;
And he had sworn to fair Isabel,
That she should be his bride.

But years roll'd by, and his pride grew strong,
And his youthful love grew cold,
And he left the maid of his early choice,
For one who had lands and gold.

Fair Isabel, so gay before,
Ne'er smiled again from that day;
And though the blight did not kill her outright,
It stole her reason away.

“Woe, woe, proud prince,” said the Seer old,
“On thy bridal morn to thee,
For torn from thy side, thy queenly bride,
By a stouter than thou shalt be.”

And the proud prince laugh'd a laugh of scorn,
At the threat of the Seer old,
For strong were his towers, and many his slaves,
And his own heart stout and bold.

And, “Welcome, welcome, the warrior bold,”
Said he, “to my queenly bride ;
Whoever he be, on my bridal morn,
Shall bear her away from my side.”

O brightly, brightly, is shining the sun,
On turret, and dome, and tower ;
Away to the chapel, ye glitt'ring throng,
For this is the bridal hour.

Prince Garbaldi has marshal'd his bands,
And his banners are streaming gay ;
And never before had the oldest eyes
Beheld such a goodly array.

And he cast a sneer on the Seer old,
As he pass'd him by in his pride ;
“ Where now,” he said, “ is the warrior bold,
Who shall carry away my bride ?”

The queenly bride and her glitt'ring train,
The prince with his haughty brow,
And the shaven priest in his solemn garb,
Are at the altar now.

But, hark to that crash ! and lo, the flash
From the burning mountain nigh !
Pillar and wall are rock'd to their fall !
O fly, while ye yet may fly !

Full many a tall and goodly knight,
And many a lady fair,
Who vainly essay'd to escape in flight,
In death lay buried there.

But the prince has seized his lady fair,
And has pass'd the outer gate ;
And boastingly says, “ I will save her yet,
Though it be from the jaws of fate !”

Away, away from the falling towers,
And opening earth, he fled ;
But when he look'd on the face of his bride,
He look'd on the face of the dead !

Yet not from the earthquake's shock she sank,
Or fire, or falling stone ;
But mid the terror of that dread hour
Her fragile life had flown.

Then the proud prince thought of the Seer old,
He had vainly spurn'd in his pride—
For Death ! grim Death ! was the warrior bold,
Who had stolen away his bride.

THE YANKEE GIRLS.

Not England's daughters, rosy cheek'd,
Nor Scotia's lasses fair,
Nor Erin's blooming maidens can,
With Yankee girls compare :
Though of their bards enraptured strains,
Full worthy they may be,
They 'll not compare with Yankee girls—
The Yankee girls for me !

Let Byron of Italian maids,
In glowing numbers sing,
And let the Turk his Georgian bride
And black eyed houries bring ;
Though what they tell us of their charms,
All very true may be,
They 'll not compare with Yankee girls—
The Yankee girls for me !

Their faultless forms ! their peerless eyes !
As bright as morning dew ;

Their cheeks so fair ! their spirits light !
Their hearts so warm and true !
They 're chaste as fair ; their minds unchain'd,
In thought and action free,
There's nothing like the Yankee girls—
The Yankee girls for me !

Unto Columbia's daughters then
We'll drain the goblet dry !
Naught can the universe produce,
With Yankee girls to vie !
O ! they are fairest of the fair—
And ever may they be ;
There's nothing like the Yankee girls—
The Yankee girls for me !

THE GENIUS OF LIBERTY.

THE vail that shrouds man's feeble sight,
My guardian spirit drew,
And brought in rays of heavenly light,
The future to my view.

Ages of doubt, and wrong, and fear,
Sank in the gloom afar,
Till things to come, became as clear
To me, as things that are.

O ! 'twas a glorious scene, of sea,
Of mountain, vale, and wood,
Where, the presiding deity,
My country's genius stood.

Upon her lofty brow serene,
No diadem she bore ;
The majesty of air and mein,
Was all the crown she wore !

Beside her were the powers, which give
To man his empire wide,
And all the arts in which shall live
His glory, and his pride.

Dim in the distance, as the things
Whose worth had pass'd away,
The towers and palaces of kings,
In hopeless ruin lay.

The tyrant's doom by her was seal'd—
Slavery no more might be—
Man's worth to man she had reveal'd,
And set the nations free!

Nor those stern arts alone, she drew
Unto her, which control
The elements, and which subdue
The earth, from pole to pole;

Hov'ring around her were those forms,
Whose charms life's paths can fill
With loveliness, and bid the storms,
That mar its peace, be still.

The muse would ne'er exalt again,
The warrior to the sky,
Nor Music lend her heavenly strain,
To swell the battle cry.

A newer, stronger, tide of life,
Earth's pulses seem'd to fill,
And all created things seem'd rife,
With energy and will.

Our own bless'd flag, where many a blot,
We once might weep to see,
Now waved aloft, without a spot
To mar its purity.

The pride that makes man disavow
His brother, had no place ;
Of all the races, there was now
But one—the human race !

The cross which saw its light divine,
Obscured mid party strife,
Resumed once more its place, the sign
Of union, and of life !

Such was the state through liberty,
Which God to earth had given,
Until man's birth-place seem'd to be
Almost, another Heaven.

TWIN GRAVES.

TWIN graves are these ! an aged pair
In quiet here repose,
Who trod in love and hopefulness,
Life's journey to its close.

They did not deem their life too short,
Nor ask a longer stay ;
We feel that they are happy now,
And are not far away.

No power could part them while they lived,
Nor would we, when they died ;
They're sleeping as they always slept—
We laid them side by side !

THE POINT OF DOCTRINE: OR, LOVE AND LOGIC.

Who is there did not know Ralph Rattle?
Renown'd for many a famous battle—
Not in that field where foemen fell,
Cut throats, for what they cannot tell—
But in that intellectual strife,
Where tongue supplies the place of knife,
And strength of lungs astound us more,
Than clash of swords, or cannon's roar.
Ralph was a mighty politician,
And always in the right position.
For though it may not be denied,
He changed about from side to side,
Yet he could change about at will,
And prove that he was standing still.
But not in subtilty alone
Did Ralph confide ; to him was known
That loftier kind of eloquence,
Where substituting sound for sense,

And calling up a fearful frown,
We *roar* our adversary down.
In politics we styled Ralph great—
But dare we venture to relate
What in theology his skill,
These verses would whole volumes fill.
Therefore we simply say, in short,
Here was his hobby, here his forte.
He could divide the nicest point,
As skillful carver would a joint;
And every mystery make as clear
As the unclouded atmosphere.
One so invincible as he,
In politics, theology,
And eloquence, 'twas thought would prove
No less so in affairs of love.
The trial came, for, strange to tell,
Ralph, who had fortified so well
His wondrous head, with all his art
Had never thought to shield his heart!
The lady, who of course was fair,
As all unmarried ladies are,

Together with an only brother,
Lived snugly with a widow'd mother.

How Ralph commenced his first advances,
What luck attended, what mischances,
His progress thwarted as a lover,
We vainly labor'd to discover.
But the result we know full well,
And briefly now proceed to tell:—

'Twas on a clear December night;
Ralph and the moon were both so bright,
You scarce could tell which gave the light
That made night's passing loveliness—
Such brilliancy did both possess—
When Ralph his passion to declare,
Had early sought his lady fair.
To walk beneath the glittering sky,
Where no intruders might be nigh,
To pour in her delighted ear,
What most he deem'd she long'd to hear,
Was his intent; but while he sat
In social and promiscuous chat,

The brother a remark let fall—
Some luckless words, which marr'd it all—
Some question in theology,
With which Ralph never could agree.

This glaring error to confute
Ralph enters now in hot dispute,
Forgets the lady and her mother,
In wordy warfare with the brother.
How skillfully he play'd his part,
With how much cunning, how much art,
'Twere all uncall'd for here to tell,
To those who knew our hero well.
But would you ask—"What progress made he?"
He gain'd his point, but lost the lady!
As we remark'd, what he design'd
His visit for, escaped his mind.
And when he rose to say good night,
(Though by-the-by 'twas morning quite),
To his astonishment, he found
The ladies both, in sleep profound!
'Tis true he strove amends to make,
For this unlover-like mistake,

And often to the house would come ;
But Clara never was at home !

MORAL.

Let those who would with Love succeed
How they forget themselves take heed :
No favor by that God is shown,
Save when we bow to him alone.

HELEN: OR, THE FOREST QUEEN.

IN the shadow of yon mountain,
 Stands a log-built cottage low,
Close beside a sparkling fountain,
 Where the water-cresses grow.

Round the door and window twining,
 Blooms the morning-glory fair,
Choicest flowers the pathway lining,
 Speak a gentle maiden's care.

And a fairer, lovelier flower,
 Never deck'd the prairie wild,
Never bloom'd in fairy bower,
 Than this artless forest child.

When I journey'd o'er the mountain,
 As I sought that cottage low ;
There I met her at the fountain,
 Where the water-cresses grow.

To that spot by her enchanted,
Oft did I return, I ween,
For my brain was ever haunted,
By that lovely forest queen.

There her faith to me was plighted,
Seated by the sparkling stream ;
While the forest round was lighted,
By the moon's unclouded beam.

Though with Helen I may wander,
And a prouder home may find,
Still will memory fondly ponder
On the scenes we leave behind.

Ne'er shall we forget the mountain,
Or that log-built cottage low,
Ne'er, O ne'er the sparkling fountain,
Where the water-cresses grow.

TO THE AMERICAN MUSE.

COLUMBIA'S muse ! awake, awake,
Arouse thee, spirit of the free !
A height none else may dare to take,
On glory's mount, awaiteth thee.

Hope of the nations ! round thy brow
No wreath of fading laurels twine ;
To meaner gods let others bow,
Be the Eternal, only, thine.

Free as becomes thy heavenly birth,
Let thy broad pinions be unfurl'd,
Spurning the chains which bind to earth
Thy sisters of the older world.

Drawn from the dead and mouldering past,
Let not thy inspiration be ;
A field more fruitful, and more vast,
The breathing world presents to thee.

Traditions false, and fables old,
Cast in oblivion's endless night;
And let the astonish'd world, behold
Herself in truth's unchanging light.

Let not the warrior's reeking blade
Be consecrated in thy song;
But to the arts of peace be paid,
The honors that to them belong.

Inspire the hardy sons of toil,
With love of justice, love of worth,
Until the craven men of spoil,
No more shall brutalize the earth.

Desert not that devoted band,
Who, foremost in the glorious fight,
Are bravely battling, heart and hand,
For human freedom, human right.

Strengthen the bonds of brotherhood
Which man for man begins to feel:
Tell each, he seeks his greatest good,
Who labors for the public weal.

Probe to its inmost core, the heart,
And lay its sacred fountains bare,
Until the streams of love shall start,
Which lie 'neath falsehood buried there.

Nations for ages wrapt in night,
Where freedom's day begins to dawn,
Are list'ning for thy voice of might,
Thy voice of truth, to cheer them on.

Let not corruption make of thee,
A pension'd, and a pamper'd slave ;
Thou, who God's messenger shouldst be,
To raise the fallen, lost to save !

Thine is a mission, holy, high,
The shackled soul to disinthrall !
Mar not thy lofty destiny,
O, be not recreant to the call !

Spurn, spurn the meed by tyrants craved ;
And ever let thy glory be—
Not that thou hast a world enslaved,
But that thou hast a world made free.

TO A LADY, ON PRESENTING HER A BUNCH OF
WITHERED FLOWERS.

TAKE, lady, take this off'ring small,
Of autumn's faded flowers,
That to my wither'd heart recall,
Life's happier, earlier hours.

I found them in this hapless state,
Their bloom and freshness flown,
Their lot seem'd lone and desolate,
And friendless as my own.

Late on yon heath they flourish'd fair,
Their fragrance wafted far,
Till autumn's early frost came there,
And left them as they are.

Thus, late a fickle world to me,
A smiling aspect wore,
I never dream'd that there could be,
Such misery in store.

But blighted hopes, and harrowing care,
Have o'er my spirit pass'd,
Till disappointment and despair,
Make it their home at last.

They've set their seal upon my brow,
Benumb'd life's wonted powers,
Until my heart is cheerless now,
As autumn's faded flowers.

These autumn flowers then, lady, take,
All wither'd though they be,
Preserve them for the giver's sake,
And sometimes think on me.

OH NO! THEY'RE NOT SLEEPING.

A DIRGE.

Away with the sorrow,
 Away with the gloom,
That fear falsely throws
 Round the death-bed and tomb.

Death comes not with dread
 To the pure and the true,
Not a life to destroy,
 But a life to renew !

Bend not o'er the tomb
 With a cry of despair,
For the loved and the lovely
 Are not sleeping there.

Bring flowers, choice flowers,
 To strew o'er the grave,
Where in freshness and beauty,
 The evergreens wave.

Believe them not perish'd,
Who seem to have fled;
Oh no! they're not sleeping,
Oh no! they're not dead.

Oh no! they're not sleeping,
They watch o'er us yet;
The love they once bore us,
They ne'er can forget.

And we'll greet them again
When life's journey has sped;
Oh no! they're not sleeping,
Oh no! they're not dead!

O COME TO MY HOME IN THE WEST.

A SONG.

My log-cabin is of the best—love,
My lands are as broad as the sea!
Then come to my home in the west—love,
O haste to the prairies with me.

My hand and my rifle are true—love,
The wild herd there 's no one to claim,
My mustang no toil can subdue—love,
His fleetness the ostrich would shame.

Our cottage is close by the lake—love,
Where stateliest forest-trees grow,
Its bosom a mirror will make—love,
More ample than king can bestow.

The hum of the City we 'll change—love,
With joy, for the hum of the bees,
While over the prairies we 'll range—love,
As free as the glad summer breeze—

The deer o'er our pathway shall bound—love,
Their young ones around us shall play,
The shout of the huntsman resound—love,
And wake us at dawn of the day.

The birds thy companions shall be—love,
And welcome thy feet to their bowers,
And earth send up incense to thee—love,
For there 't is a garden of flowers.

O Nature in beauty most rare—love,
There sits on her emerald throne,
And gladly she 'll welcome thee there—love,
For thou art a child of her own!

The city 's a prison to me—love,
Where death it were longer to stay,
Then let us be happy and free—love,
And haste to the prairies away.

“BRAVELY DO, AND BOLDLY DARE.”

CHAMPION of truth ! unwaveringly,
Press onward in thy calling high ;
True to thyself, thy purpose true,
The one grand object still in view ;
Heed not the coward's voice, nor fear
The fool's derision, skeptic's sneer ;
But bravely do, and boldly dare,
And never let thy heart despair ;

Nor falter when thy efforts fail,
To persevere is to prevail ;
Often as thou art driven back,
Unflinchingly resume the track :
Let every wound that thou mayest feel,
Inspire thee with redoubled zeal ;
And bravely do, and boldly dare,
And never let thy heart despair.

Hath falsehood power to do thee ill ?
Remember truth is mightier still !
Shall when perfidious tongues assail,
The Heaven-born spirit in thee quail ?

Resolve to triumph in the fight ;
Trust in thy God, and in thy right ;
And bravely do, and boldly dare,
And never let thy heart despair.

Though fortune meet thee with a frown,
And all the world looks coldly down,
If conscience with approving smile,
Thy humble task regards the while ;
Let not what all beside may say,
Deter thee from thy onward way,
But bravely do, and boldly dare,
And never let thy heart despair.

Though even death thy meed should be,
The martyr's death is victory !
'Twill cheer thy spirit in its flight,
To know thou'st battled for the right ;
Whilst thou wilt leave behind a name,
Shall turn thy bitterest foes to shame ;
And be a beacon light, whose ray
Shall cheer the pilgrim on his way :
Then bravely do, and boldly dare,
And never let thy heart despair.

HANS VAN RYN.

A GHOST STORY.

THERE is an old house, an old Dutch house,
With gable pointed and high,
It stands a little piece off the road,
No other house stands nigh.

The name of its owner was Hans Van Ryn,
Our grandsires knew him well ;
And a strange old man he must have been,
If the stories be true they tell.

The father of Hans had follow'd the sea,
And little of him was told,
Save that he was ever sullen and proud,
And that he had heaps of gold.

But where he had hidden his countless hoard,
Not even his son could tell,
Though Hans was ever a prudent youth,
And loved by his father well.

Hans fancied his father when dying, from him,
The secret no longer would keep ;
But he only said, as he gave up the ghost,
“ Dig deep ! dig deep ! dig deep ! ”

Some thought Old Van Ryn the treasure had found
Of the famous Captain Kidd,
And others, the countless pots of gold,
By the old Dutch matrons hid.

And doubted not for his treasure that he
Himself to the devil had sold,
That when the old boy came to carry him off,
He 'd carried away the gold.

But to digging Hans went with pickaxe and spade,
Morning, and noon, and night,
And every old corner, dusty and dark,
Was quickly exposed to the light.

He search'd the cellar, he search'd the well,
He dug up the garden ground ;
But all in vain were his ceaseless toils,
For never a stiver he found.

Yet still he would dig, and dig, and dig,
And scarcely a moment could sleep,
While e'en in his dreams he would mutter aloud—
“Dig deep, dig deep, dig deep!”

Till his brain at length was turn'd, poor man,
With the thought of his treasure lost;
And when with the burden of years he was bent,
And his head was white as the frost;

You might see him under the old oak tree,
Resting upon his spade;
And never a word would he say to you
If nothing to him you said.

Yet if but a single word you spoke,
Like one awaken'd from sleep,
He gazed around with a vacant stare,
And mutter'd—“Dig deep! dig deep!”

Old Hans Van Ryn has now been dead
For many a long, long year,
Yet still to the nightly passer-by,
His troubled ghost doth appear.

With spade in hand, by the rifted oak,
His midnight watch he doth keep,
While in voice as gruff as the raven of Poe,
He mutters—"Dig deep! dig deep!"

And now in these simple words of Hans,
There's a moral, it seems to me,
Which if rightly treasured and pondered well,
Of service to many might be—

Whoe'er in the wide-spreading field of thought,
A bounteous harvest would reap,
Must, searching beneath the surface of things,
Dig deep! dig deep! dig deep!

THE INFANT'S GRAVE.

In the depth of affliction,
A mother was sighing,
Beside a lone grave
Where her baby was lying :

She saw not bright spirits
Were hovering near,
But their voices in soothing,
Thus fell on her ear—

“ O think not, fond mother,
Thy CLARENCE is sleeping
Within the cold grave,
Over which thou art weeping.

“ To our home we have borne him,
An angel to be ;
And there a bright cherub,
He waiteth for thee.”

THE ALCHYMIST.

THE clock the midnight hour had told—
The night was dark, the air was cold ;
Every sound from the street had fled,
Save of the watchman's leisurely tread ;
And never a light in a casement shone,
But that from the Alchymist's lamp alone.

Feeble, and friendless, and old was he,
As Alchymists ever are said to be ;
His locks were thin, his forehead was high,
And deeply sunken his keen black eye ;
And there was a shade of suffering now,
Clouding his haggard and care-worn brow.

Broken and scatter'd in disarray,
Retort and crucible round him lay ;
Over an antique table he bent,
His head on his shrivel'd hand he lent ;

With ague his figure appear'd to shake,
As thus in a tremulous voice he spake—
“ O God ! thou knowest I sought not gold,
That I might gloat over hoards untold ;
I sought it not for its power of ill,
My fellow-man to enslave to my will,
Nor wish'd I ever the homage to gain,
Of those who are led by its glitt'ring chain.

“ With me, I had deeply vow'd that it should
Be ever the minist'ring angel of good :
With its magic key I'd unlock the door
Of the store-house wide, to the suff'ring poor.
The desert wild with its power I'd bless,
Till it teem'd with a garden's fruitfulness ;
The tremb'ling slave from his bonds I would free,
And teach him the blessings of liberty ;
And the light of knowledge as freely should fall,
As falls the light of the sun, upon all.

“ O, wise was my father ! the master was he
Of many a fearful mystery !
And his was the knowledge, which I to obtain,
Have studied and toil'd for, and watched in vain.

Full well I remember the morning he died—
He summon'd my brother and self to his side—
'Listen, my children,' he said, 'and I'll tell,
The secret I've treasured so long and so well.
But ere he could utter the words of power
Which he had reserved for his dying hour,
His lips were seal'd by the fingers of Death :
He mutter'd but this with his parting breath—
'Gold hath within it the seed of gold,
And it easily yieldeth an hundred fold.'"

But, hark ! to the clatter of horses' heels—
And the whirring sound of chariot wheels !
Why seek they this dark and deserted way,
Where they never come in the blaze of day ?
But stranger still—why stop at the door,
Of the friendless Alchymist, old and poor ?

Rat tat tat, rat tat tat—the whole house shakes,
With that rap which the old door almost breaks ;
The Alchymist sprang to his feet with afright—
Who for him could be seeking at dead of the night ?
But his terror soon fled, and a ghastly smile
Came over his haggard features the while,

When he thought how little of reason had he,
In dread of the burglar's designs to be ;
And when did a burglar come to the door
Of a house he would rob, in a coach and four ?
So he lifted the latch, and a stranger appear'd,
Little like such as the old man had fear'd.
Bland was his visage—and stately his tread—
His bearing bespoke one in affluence bred ;
And strangely his figure contrasted I ween,
With that of the Alchymist, haggard and lean.

“Hah ! thou hast come,” the Alchymist said—

“Me in the hour of my need to aid ?

One trial more and the secret divine,

I've vainly toil'd for so long, shall be mine.

Aid me but now and I'll share with thee,

The fruits of my grand discovery.

Life is fast ebbing, and time rolls on—

Let me not die ere my work be done !”

“Aye,” said the stranger ; “with aid for thee—

I've sought for thee long and anxiously.

But are there no kindred unto thee dear ?

Hast not a brother of whom thou wouldst hear ?”

“A brother I had, and I loved him well—
A strange wild youth!—but what hast thou to tell
Of one who while yet in his manhood’s pride,
I fear me a graceless profligate died.
Time stays not to dwell on the things that have fled—
I live for the living, and not for the dead.”

“Not dead,” said the other, “for in me behold
The brother so tenderly cherish’d of old!”

“My brother—O Heaven!” the Alchymist cried;
“The boon thou hast granted, so often denied.
The stars which deceive not, had promised to night,
To put in my keeping the secret of might;
But poverty seem’d to have power to be
A bar to what even the Heavens decree.
When lo, thou art sent to me in my despair,
To aid in my triumph—my triumph to share.
But O! how I tremble to think of the power,
That God is about to confer at this hour!
And O! may I never that power possess,
If with me it be other than power to bless.”

“Nay,” said the brother, “I come to impart
A secret beyond the power of thy art.

The elixir is mine! and the power I hold,
Of converting whatever I touch into gold!"
"Thou, brother! thou who didst scorn of yore—
The priceless treasures of ancient lore!
Pray, by what mighty spell didst thou gain,
What I by my learning have sought for in vain?"

"Of my youthful errors, 'twere needless to tell,"
The other replied, "for thou knowest them well:
And how from my kindred and home I fled,
Till you thought me lost forever, or dead.
But God look'd in mercy, and penitence came,
My spirit was steep'd in remorse and shame!
I vow'd reform, and I kept my vow—
How much I struggled it matters not now.
The city I sought and its crowded mart;
I noted the workings of commerce and art;
I carefully studied the laws of trade,
Which taught me how gold might by gold be made;
This, I exclaim'd, is the secret of might!
This reads our father's riddle aright—
'Gold hath within it the seed of gold,
And it easily yieldeth an hundred fold.'

“Year after year, with unwavering pains,
I toil’d till I scarcely could count my gains.
But soon I discover’d that hoarded gold
Clung round the heart like a serpent cold;
That it bless’d but him who with it would bless,
By adding to human happiness.
Yet I learn’d not this till that treasure divine,
The mighty elixir of life, was mine!
Thou wilt find it not in thy treasured lore—
Thou canst not extract it from herb, or from ore;
’Tis a gift that God himself doth impart!
Adding new freshness and life to the heart.
It makes it expand as no power else can,
With love for its Maker, and love for man;
O’er the body’s decay though it hath no control,
It giveth immortal life to the soul.
“This treasure divine is already thine own!
And needeth but room for expansion alone.
Then haste with me, brother, and thou shalt possess
All that wealth can bestow of the power to bless.”

A tear trickled down from the Alchymist’s eye,
And his bosom heaved with a deep drawn sigh,

As he left his mansion shatter'd and old,
With his dreams of power and dreams of gold;
And rode as he never had ridden before,
With a friend sincere, in a coach and four.

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END.

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